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THE
BUMBRUSHER,

A
F A R C E,

Intended to be translated into Latin, and performed
before the MASTERS and FELLOWS of Colleges
in the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
OTWAY.

L O N D O N:
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T O
G E O R G E C O L M A N, E s q.

T H I S T R I F L I N G A T T E M P T

A T
D R A M A T I C C O M P O S I T I O N,

I S
R E S P E C T F U L L Y D E D I C A T E D

B Y H I S
O B E D I E N T S E R V A N T,

T H E A U T H O R.

Dramatis Personæ.

DOCTOR RHOMBUS.

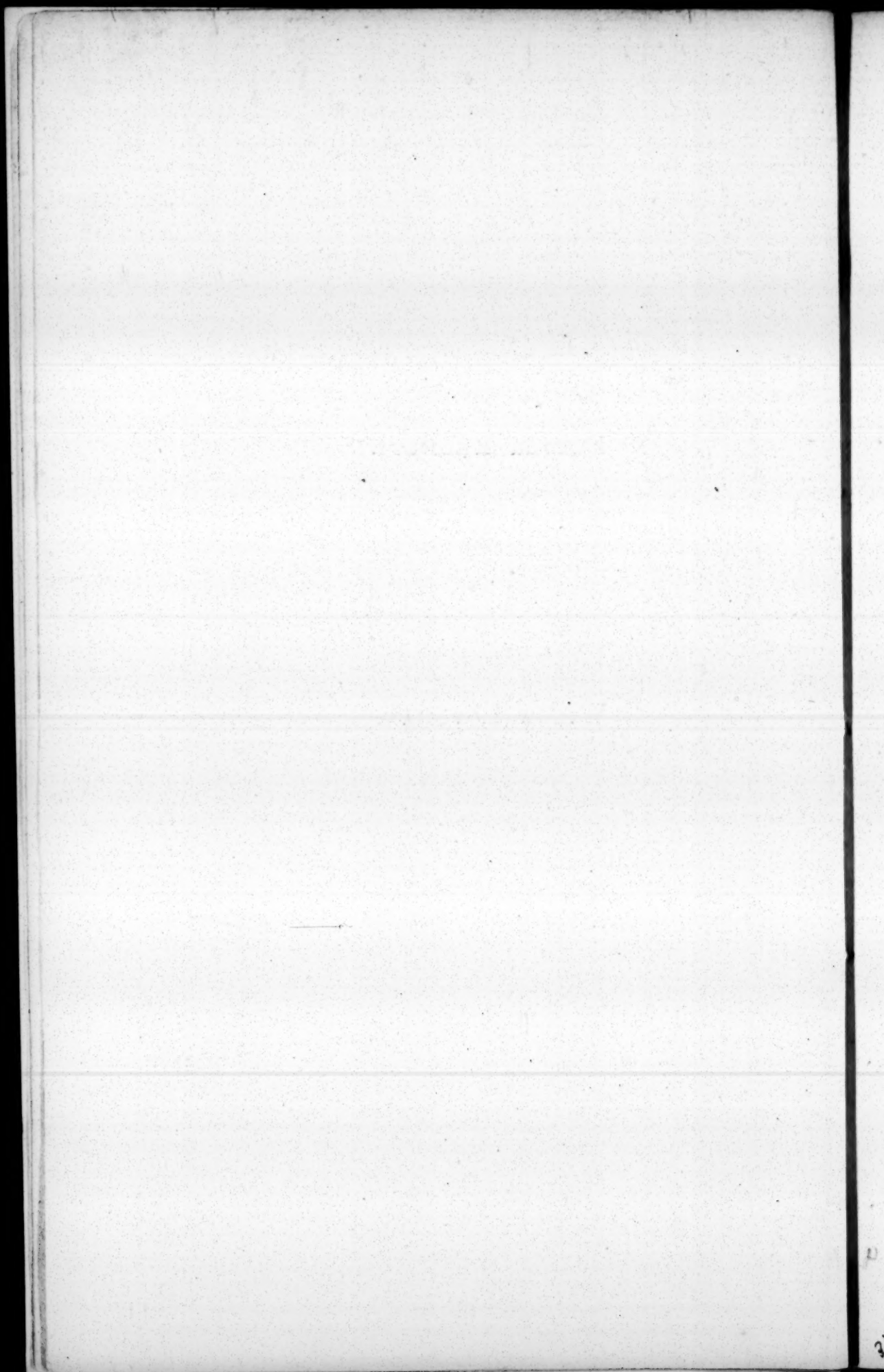
MR. PROSODY.

SIR UXORIOUS GOBETWEEN.

LADY GOBETWEEN.

WIDOW LOVEMAN.

THE



T H E
B U M B R U S H E R,
A F A R C E.

S C E N E I.

Enter Dr. RHOMBUS and Mr. PROSODY.

DR. R. Well, Mr. Prosody, there is every reason to hope that our endeavours will be attended with all the success we could wish. Every day almost brings us some new visitors to place their progeny under our inspection. I wish, however, that the eyes of mankind were directed through a juster medium, that they might view the true objects of science in their proper light.

MR. P. I wish so too, Dr. Rhombus, for then they would contemplate the sublimity of classical intelligence with due deference and discrimination; and discover that in the mines of Greek and Roman literature is alone to be found the pure ore of scientific information.

B

DR. R.

DR. R. To be sure, Mr. Profody, it is necessary that I should have your assistance, to comply with the false taste of the times, in teaching the monkish science of the dead languages. For my own part, I am convinced, that without Geometry, Algebra, the four branches of natural philosophy, and the doctrine of fluxions, man would be only a proper associate for the animal creation.

MR. P. By Jupiter! is it within a degree of possibility, that any human being can have his reasoning faculties so obfuscated by prejudice, as to be totally insensible to classic elegance, and the coruscations of attic wit. That the sublime beauties of *Homer*,—the rapid eloquence of *Demosthenes*,—the chaste simplicity of *Virgil*,—the amorous genius of *Ovid*,—the festive liveliness of *Horace*, the——

DR. R. (interrupting him)—All ignorant of true philosophy, and of the secrets of the creation. Your boasted Greek poet gives the history of a war which never existed. Your orator said a great deal to make his countrymen fight, while he himself ran away. Virgil was conscious how little good his tinsel frippery would do the world, and therefore very wisely, when he was dying, desired it might be burnt.—But it is losing time to enumerate such a catalogue of vagabonds; not one of them was acquainted with the laws of motion, or could find the center of gravity of a common chamberpot.

MR. P.

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MR. P. 'Tis past all toleration, to hear you thus profane the hallowed ashes of the dead ; on whose reputation the irrefragable seal of ages is impressed, and whose fame shall exist with unsullied lustre till time shall be no more.—Vain is the attempt, sir, to compare their sublime compositions with the dry rubbish of lines and angles ; with your inclined planes, and your wheels and axles.

DR. R. No—it would be paying philosophy a very poor compliment, indeed, to put her in competition with dactyls, and spondees, and such like trash. He, sir, who can make theories for the tides, approximate to the quadrature of the circle, and demonstrate the properties of the catenarian curve, does the Greek and Roman heathens too much honor to acknowledge them as men, when he settles the chronology of their useless existence.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, a lady desires to speak with you.

DR. R. I attend upon her ladyship directly.—I leave you, Mr. Prosody, to your heathen gods and goddesses. [Exit.

PROSODY solus.—Ye sublime spirits of classic purity, of whose cause I am, and ever will be, the champion and defender ! Look down with benign aspect on your humble suppliant, and aid him in combating that barbarism, which would overwhelm

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all taste and elegance in a merciless and indiscriminate inundation. Diffuse into his bosom that pure and celestial flame, which may fire his imagination, and flash upon his fancy, till he be inspired with such coruscations of wit, and such sallies of repartee, as shall, like the armour of Achilles, render him invulnerable and invincible. [Exit.

Enter Dr. RHOMBUS and Mrs. LOVEMAN.

DR. R. Pray, Madam, do me the peculiar honor to be seated.

MRS. L. Hearing of your very great fame, Dr. Rhombus, in instructing youth, I am come to place under your care a dear little boy of mine,—my only child,—the last comfort I have in this world. His poor father, on his death-bed, charged me to give him a good education; and I am determined to the utmost of my power to fulfill his wishes.

DR. R. You do perfectly right, Madam; without the sublime learning of the mathematics, man would be a barbarian, fit only to graze in the fields with cattle, and drink at the common rivers.

MRS. L. Will you be so good, Dr. Rhombus, as explain to me, who am only a weak woman, the use of that science you praise so highly, and in which you propose to instruct my son.

DR. R. Madam, (*pulling up his cravat and adjusting his wig*) with all my heart.—Passing over the rudiments, Madam, (which to uninformed minds would

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would be dry and unentertaining) I mean to teach him, madam, that *matter is infinitely divisible*—and instruct him in the difference between *hardness* and *elasticity*. He shall be able to resolve and compound *motion*; he shall demonstrate, Madam, that as the *angle of inclination* increases, the *diagonal* decreases;—and when the lines containing the *angle of inclination* are the closest possible, the *diagonal* shall be the most respectable length it can be.

MRS. L. That indeed must be a very natural and curious experiment.

DR. R. Yes, Madam, it is perfect nature.—Then, Madam, I will teach him the use of all the mechanical powers. He shall know how to manage the *lever* with dexterity and effect. Nor shall he in the least be unacquainted with the unparalleled properties of the *screw*. He shall understand the congress of *hard* and *elastic* bodies; and shall throw his balls so as to produce a *maximum*, or the greatest quantity of motion possible. He shall find out with accuracy and precision the *center of gravity and its motions*; and shall be convinced, that there can be no peace and quiet in a body where that point is not properly sustained.

MRS. L. That appears very reasonable, indeed, Doctor, even to my apprehension;—but I beg pardon for interrupting you.

DR. R. He shall estimate the motion of a body, whether it rises in a *perpendicular*, or *oblique* direction.

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tion. He shall understand *centripetal* and *centrifugal* forces.

MRS. L. Pray, Dr. will you pardon my asking the meaning of those terms?

DR. R. Most willingly, Madam, nothing gives me so much pleasure as communicating knowledge, especially to those who are solicitous to acquire it. *The centripetal force* is that attraction which one body has to the center of gravity of another. *The centrifugal force* is that desire which two bodies have of shunning contact, and of avoiding any communication with each other.

MRS. L. In my humble opinion, Dr. there is much more sense in the *centripetal* than in the *centrifugal* force.

DR. R. They are both, Madam, equally philosophical.—It is true, however, that the *accelerating* force, or that which always increases the velocity of a falling body, is most worthy the attention of *practical* philosophers. Hence it is known, Madam, that the *quantity of motion* generated in a given time, is as the *quantity of matter* and *velocity* conjointly; and hence it appears, that a small body with a very great velocity will produce the same effect, as a very large body whose velocity is slow and languid.

MRS. L. Indeed, Doctor, it seems very difficult to determine which should be preferred.

DR. R. I should not omit mentioning, Madam, that this force depends much upon the length of
the

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the *radius*, which fills up the space from the center to the circumference.

MRS. L. Doubtless, Doctor, that seems very clear, even to my apprehension.

DR. R. The doctrine of forces is very interesting; I shall, however, only observe farther, that *within* the surface, the force is diminished the further we go below the surface, and is consequently increased the nearer we approach it.

MRS. L. I suppose that proceeds, Doctor, from its not having room to act.

DR. R. It all proceeds, Madam, from the center of gravity, and its attractions.—If I do not weary your patience, Madam, I will conclude my present lecture with a few observations on the *cycloid*.

MRS. L. I feel myself so much enlightened and amused by your instructions, that I shall be much obliged to you for farther information.

DR. R. I shall teach your son, Madam, how to manage his *pendulum*, that it shall not be injured by wind or weather; but shall perform its oscillations in proper time; for, Madam, it is an invariable principle with the *cycloid*, that all its vibrations, whether long or short, must be performed in the same time.

MRS. L. I admire the principle very much, Dr. R. for in all our natural proceedings there is nothing like regularity.

DR. R. You enter so sensibly into the subject, Madam, that I need hardly mention, that the force

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is always proportional to the *length of the pendulum*, and the *periodic* times are on that account more accurately observed.

MRS. L. What an excellent practical philosopher you must make, Doctor;—are you content with your exertions in theory only?

DR. R. I have indeed, as yet, Madam, been satisfied with seeing these things upon paper; yet I cannot say but I should like to see them more substantially performed.

MRS. L. Ay, and if I were you, Doctor, I would have the pleasure of performing them myself; it would be much more satisfaction than doing it by proxy. (*rising*)

DR. R. When I shall get my apparatus in order for executing these things, I shall be very proud of your assistance and observation.

MRS. L. I shall be most willing to exert myself, as far as my poor abilities will permit, to satisfy your pleasure. [*Exit.*]

DR. R. A very sensible woman truly, and very fit for an auxiliary in philosophical researches. I never till now could think a woman's conversation tolerable, Though she had not an opportunity, to be sure, of saying very much, yet she listened with an understanding attention to my disquisitions. How she seemed to enjoy my explanation of the *screw*, the *center of gravity*, the *centripetal force* and the *pendulum*; to be sure, though I say it, who ought not to say it, I believe there is no
man

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man who can lay things open better than myself.—
But here comes my worthy friend and patron *Sir Uxorious Gobetween*; I have the highest reverence for his opinion and advice.

Enter SIR UXORIOUS GOBETWEEN.

SIR UX. Dr. Rhombus, I am your faithful humble servant.

DR. R. Sir Uxorious, you do me too much honor. I hope my Lady Gobetween is in perfect health.

SIR UX. She is exceedingly well, I thank you, Dr.;—I wish you would put it in my power to ask how Mrs. Rhombus does.

DR. R. An old bachelor, Sir Uxorious; is a proper object of ridicule for you happy married men to laugh at;—but for myself, I must trudge on in the same solitary path to the end of my days.

SIR UX. I hope not, Doctor;—to tell you the truth, I have waited upon you on purpose to persuade you to marry.

DR. R. Who—me—Sir Uxorious—I could never persuade myself to think of such a thing.

SIR UX. Then it is proper, Doctor, that your best friends should think for you, and contrive to make you happy whether you will or not.

C

DR. R.

DR. R. I am very much obliged to them for their good intentions; but in this respect I must beg to be excused.

SIR UX. Both your happiness and duty conspire to second the solicitations of your friends. The whole country considers you as the first school-master in the world; and there is only one thing wanting to make your school the model of perfection.

DR. R. (*bowing*) Such a compliment from a person of your superior judgment, Sir Uxorious, is most flattering indeed. I endeavour, it is certain, to do all in my power to inculcate the divine pages of *Newton's Principia*, and——

SIR UX. (*interrupting him*) No man so well; but why should you hesitate to make that which is so near perfection compleatly unexceptionable.— You must, I tell you, be comfortable, have your house well managed by a careful wife, and your own fire side made chearful by her society. If you will believe me, Doctor, your interest is so nearly connected with it that it is utterly unavoidable. My *Lady Rhubarb* told me yesterday, that she would send three of her sons to you immediately, but for the objection of your having no wife to superintend the family. The mothers of many of those boys who are now with you, to my certain knowledge, have thoughts of removing them on that account. For, however we men might put up with it, you know the women are the devil when
they

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they take it into their heads, right or wrong, that their brats are not managed properly.

DR. R. To be sure, Sir Uxorious, your opinion always has with me the greatest weight. But my housekeeper is so very careful a woman, and my own aversion to matrimony is so very great, that I should hope the honor of my school may be preserved without it.

SIR UX. Impossible, Doctor, as matters stand, totally impossible. Nothing will satisfy the country but your immediate marriage.

DR. R. (*after a pause*) Well if I must,—I must.—But how am I to get a wife, except somebody else will court for me; for I never in my life had any idea of wooing the ladies.

SIR UX. Oh never fear, Doctor, you will manage that very well. Courting is the pleasantest part of the business. You must fix upon some good, clever woman in the neighbourhood; and I will assist you as well as I can with my advice how to proceed.

DR. R. Nay, if I must be married, Sir Uxorious, I would wish you to choose a wife for me yourself. But, when you have done that, I shall never be able to get through the courtship I am sure.

SIR UX. What think you of the *Widow Loveman*; she is esteemed a very sensible, managing kind of woman.

DR. R. She has just been with me to admit her son; I have had a long conversation with her about philosophy; but as for love, I never said a syllable about it in my life; and I am sure I shall not know how to begin.—If one could be married without making love, I would as soon have the widow as any other woman.

SIR UX. Well; we'll make that as easy as we can. Lady Gobetween shall pay the widow a visit, and break the matter in as delicate a way as possible. In the mean time, Doctor, you must inspire yourself with courage to attack the city vigorously, provided we get the gates open to receive you.

DR. R. I'll do the best I can; but pray, Sir Uxorious, let me have as little to do as possible. I hope she will not require much from me.—Lord what a piece of work am I likely to be brought into!

SIR UX. Oh never fear, Doctor, I'll go instantly to my wife, and forward your commission as fast as possible. [Exit.

DR. R. (*solus*)—What will become of the *chord of curvature*, and the *perpendicular* upon the *tangent*.—I have only one way—to teach her natural philosophy, and be myself the operator. She certainly liked my lectures; and who knows but she might have a sneaking kindness for my person. But as for me,—I never thought of making love since
I was

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I was born into the world; and I am afraid it is rather late to think of beginning to make it now. However I hope the *four branches* will bring me through. [Exit.

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Parlour.*WIDOW LOVEMAN *sola.*

MRS. L. A widow of five and thirty, with a small jointure, a child, and the wreck only of her former beauty, is in a very solitary situation. Though too young to abandon ideas of love and gallantry, she is too old to expect her wishes should be gratified by those who are most the objects of her desire. Would she put up even with a peevish old fellow rather than have no husband at all, such creeping curmudgeons are generally possessed of so large a portion of frigid caution, that they will seldom marry without some mercenary advantage in their favor. 'Tis hard to look forward to such a dreary desert of celibacy, where nothing grows but the cold weeds of discontent and disgust to cheer the widowed traveller.—But away with such reflections; (*looking at her glass*) time has not made such havock with me neither. There is very little difference, if any (*taking out a miniature*) between what I was at nineteen, and what I am now. Who knows but I may still be happy in the arms of some young, gay, charming husband; whose
delicious

delicious society shall make days—moments; and years—hours.—Rheumatick age, and peevish infirmity, presume not to solicit my regard.—*Mrs. Longfort*, who is six months older than me, and, though I say it, not to be compared in personal attractions, was last week married to an elegant young man of eight and twenty, who was followed by all the young women in the neighbourhood.—It is true she had a good jointure, and a handsome sum of ready money in her own disposal. But (*adjusting her handkerchief before the glass*) I must endeavour to make up in attraction and the graces, for what I want in that sordid consideration (which ought never to be mentioned in love's catalogue)—*self*.—But here comes my Lady Gobetween;—I can't say I much envy her her husband;—he's ten years older than her at least.

Enter LADY GOBETWEEN.

L. G. My dear Mrs. Loveman how do you do? I am glad to see you look so chearful. You do quite right to try to recover your spirits. The best maxim is, to treat a living husband as well as one can; and to forget a dead one as soon as possible. Life is short;—love and matrimony are the best things in it;—nothing is so foolish, therefore, as to repine at what one can't recover; and to lose any
time

time in delaying to enjoy what is immediately within our reach.

MRS. L. You, my dear Lady Gobetween, are happy in affluent circumstances, and an affectionate husband; while I, who have neither of these requisites, can only congratulate you upon your enjoyments, and regret the absence of my own.

LADY G. True;—it is one of the desirables to have a husband who loves us; and if he happen to be the complete object of our choice, we reach the pinnacle of happiness. But this phoenix-like union exists often in imagination; but seldom in reality. Prudence, vanity, avarice, and ten thousand such male and female corruptions, render matrimony a mere contract of convenience; where, if affection happen to creep in on one side, it is generally dashed with the acid of indifference on the other, and thereby rendered tasteless and insipid. The best way of being tolerably contented, is to consider, that we can seldom expect to have one convenience, without being deprived of some other; and that no situation is so compleat but it admits much room for improvement.

MRS. L. Your observations are perfectly just. Yet, as you observe, there must always be something wanting,—I should wish to secure that which I think most conducive to my happiness, and trust to matters of less moment to be propitious or otherwise as they might.

LADY G.

LADY G. I understand you, my dear Widow, you would wish to secure the man of your choice, and trust to providence for the maintenance of him and his affections.—But young men,—such as Shakespeare says, *are formed to make women false*,—are capricious and inconstant ; and surely it is better to have one with less attractions, whom one may indisputably call one's own, than, as the same great poet expresses it, *to keep a corner in the thing one loves for others use*.

MRS. L. Yet, my dear Lady G. if we possess property which is not worth owning, it is but a poor consolation to remember it is exclusive.

LADY G. I should have supposed that your former marriage would have taught you, that ideal pleasure is very different from that, which us poor mortals are permitted to experience ; that those bowers of felicity, and those rosebuds of delight, which are painted in such lively colours in the garden of imagination, when touched by the hand of reality, degenerate too commonly into the lowest shrubs, and the humblest weeds.—But not to lose time any longer in moralizing, I will proceed to business.—I have waited upon you, my dear Widow, to ask you to become a near neighbour of mine.

WID. If the motive of my being such be as agreeable as the end, I shall be most happy to embrace it.

LADY G. The motive is matrimony ; and the husband is—

D

WID

WID. Who?—You jest with me.

LADY G. Be patient and attend—All your best friends are determined you shall marry Dr. Rhombus.

WID. Good heavens!—That old pedagogue.

LADY G. He is very rich,—good humoured,—and over head and ears in love with you. My husband has engaged me in his behalf to plead with you. I really think, if you can make yourself comfortable with an old man, you will have every thing you can wish for.

WID. Good God! What signifies having every thing besides; if one wants that *one thing* which is worth all the rest.

LADY G. Though only a schoolmaster, he has been saving for so many years, that he will be able to keep you a carriage, and indulge you in every luxury which money can purchase.

WID. But there are luxuries which money cannot purchase, which I would infinitely prefer.---How do you think I can ever take in my arms that dry wizened old fellow with his great wig?---It is true, when I admitted my son, he talked something very like love to me, though he called it natural philosophy;---yet I see no reason why love should not be the most natural of all philosophy.

LADY G. Well, this great natural philosopher is dying to sacrifice his mathematics to your charms. You will be the envy of the neighbourhood. All the

the widows within twenty miles round are in love——

WID. (*interrupting her*)—With the Doctor's fortune, I suppose.

LADY G. Granted. But were you to marry some young spark whom you might be doting upon, and fondling with from morning till night in a cottage ; so far from being envied, you would live neglected and forgotten by the world.

WID. It might be so.—But what should I care for the world and its opinion, were I in possession of true, solid, social happiness, my own fire-side would be the world to me ; nor should I care any more for what was passing elsewhere on this revolving ball on which we live, than what might be transacting in that plurality of worlds, which, *Fontenelle* tells us, exist above our heads.

LADY G. Still, my dear Widow, you deal in imaginary possessions.—We poor women must try to make our fortunes when we can. A good offer, once rejected, seldom returns again. The men may, if they will, call us avaricious ; but, if we are so, it is by their sordid example that we are compelled to consider our own interest. The temple of *Plutus*, not that of *Love*, contains the altar, at which these self-applauding beings are prostrate worshippers.—When therefore we can get a rich, fondling old fool into our net, it is proper we should make him acknowledge his lawful sovereign ; and permit him now and then, as a very singular indulgence, to mumble over our hand, and kiss the instrument which rules him.

WID. Well, though I am not a convert to the principle of your reasoning, I am convinced of its necessity.—But how shall I bear courtship from such an animal. It is a blasphemy against love to have him prophaned by such hands; and I, who have ever been his faithful votary, cannot bear to see his shrine violated by such an unhallowed touch. Matrimony one may, perhaps, endure; and pass over it as the tomb where affection is buried. But love, thou charm which exalts our nature, and raises us to an order of beings infinitely above common mortals! To see thee alive and blooming in the lantern jaws and settled visage of threescore—is not the portrait ravishing, my dear Lady G.?

LADY G. Your painting is much too strong for nature both in your hopes and fears.—As to the courting part of the business, you will not be much troubled with that, as the Doctor, from his great love and respect for you, has begged Sir Uxorious would get me to be his advocate, and leave as little for himself to do as possible.

WID. The less the better. Can't you, my dear Lady G. be his substitute after marriage as well as before?

LADY G. Come, come, an old man is better than none; and remember, a persevering veteran, in love as well as in war, is much to be preferred to a young deserter.—You shall go home with me, where Sir Uxorious has promised the Doctor to introduce him to you this evening. You must
give

give the poor man all the encouragement you can at the first interview, since Sir Uxorious tells me, he fears he shall be able to say little for himself.

WID. Oh never fear me. Since I am to undergo this business, I must make the best of it. I am determined, however, to make him court me; that I may amuse myself with him at least before marriage; for heaven knows how little amusement I may have with him afterwards, when we two become one.

LADY G. Well, my dear Widow, come along just as you are; you need no additional ornament; your eyes have already done the business.

WID. By heavens, if he can express himself as well as his substitute, in spite of his fallow complexion and fan-stick legs, I shall be half in love with him. [Exeunt,

SCENE *an Apartment in Sir UXORIOUS's house.*

Enter Dr. RHOMBUS and Mr. PROSODY, introduced by a servant, who immediately retires.

DR. R. My dear Prosody, forgetting now all animosity about our favourite studies, I wish you to assist me in this business, which so much concerns the happiness or misery of my future life. The matter is not gone so far, but if we can find any weighty reasons against it, it may still be honourably got rid of.

MR. P.

MR. P. Every reason, Doctor, which I can urge will be consentaneous to the nuptial condition. If we search the records of antiquity, where alone true wisdom, and the most enlightened codes of information to direct the human conduct are laid down; we shall find them all replete with the warmest exhortations to that animated intercourse, so natural between the sexes. If our circumstances and situations will admit of it, it is certainly best indulged in that period of our existence, when the passions are heated by juvenile impatience, and the imagination inflamed by all the ardour of expectation. Though this may not be your precise situation, Dr. R. (*looking earnestly at the Doctor, who is trembling with apprehension*) it is proper you should recruit, as much as in your power, what has become languid by the lapse of time; and stir up the dregs of life with such activity, as to make them sparkle in the cup of pleasure. You should be informed, Doctor, of the argument which the great *Anacreon* made use of, when he was told by the ladies, that his head was silvered with age, and his limbs enfeebled by decrepitude. “Be my hairs white or
“otherwise,” (says this immortal poet and amorous veteran to the fair insulters of his situation,—
“Be my hairs white or otherwise, I regard not;
“one thing occupies my attention;—the nearer I
“approach to the goal of life, the more it be-
“comes me to fill up the little space that remains
“with as much pleasure and indulgence as possible.”

"fibler"—You, therefore, Dr. Rhombus, after his illustrious example, should devote every thing, nay even your *Newton's Principia*, to the charms of Hymen and the blandishments of love.

DR. R. I give up the *Principia*!—Not for all the petticoats in christendom. If you think, Mr. Profody, it will at all interfere with my mechanical powers, I will give up all thoughts of matrimony immediately.

MR. P. (*smiling*) No, I should rather think it would give you the best opportunity for the exercise of those powers which can possibly be desired.—Besides, as far as I can understand from Sir Uxorious, you have advanced too far into the trenches of love to be able to retreat with honour. The lady, I find, either is, or soon will be, under the cover of this mansion; in dying and ardent expectation of a rapturous interview with Dr. Rhombus.

DR. R. (*going*) Oh! I must go home directly; I can never stand it.

MR. P. (*stopping him*) consider, Doctor, what a disgrace it will be to your philosophy, if you make so dishonourable a retreat.

DR. R. Will it injure me as a philosopher?—Then I will go through with it be the consequence what it will.

Enter

Enter Sir UXORIUS.

SIR UX. I am sorry, gentlemen, to make you wait so long. My Lady G. who is just come home, and brought Mrs. Loveman with her, has detained me in settling the interview between you, Dr. Rhombus, and her amiable friend.

DR. R. I am very much distressed at it, I assure you.—But I hope my philosophy will bring me through.—I must beg you, Mr. Prosody, to stand on one side of me; and you, Sir Uxorious, on the other, till the business is over.

MR. P. Oh, Doctor, that would be quite unphilosophical.

SIR UX. It could not possibly happen. The lady's delicacy, upon these occasions, must be consulted. Nothing but a *tete a tete* will do.

DR. R. It is very hard, indeed.—Pray how long will it be necessary to remain in that situation?

MR. P. That will depend, Doctor, upon yourself. If you mean to take the citadel by sap, your operations will be tedious; if by storm, from the account given of its strength, it will soon surrender at discretion. For my own part, if I may be allowed to give my advice, I should recommend the opinion of our great master *Ovid*; who says, that these kind of fortifications are always best taken sword in hand.

SIR UX.

SIR UX. Very right, Mr. Profody, that is quite my opinion.—I will introduce you, Doctor, to the lady, and then leave you alone with her. Nature is, in these matters, a very sufficient instructress.

DR. R. (*Sighing*) I am afraid nature will be my enemy rather than friend upon this occasion.—I feel myself so completely petrified I shall not be able to say a word.—My dear, Sir Uxorious, considering my situation and feelings, I am sure the matter had better go no farther.

SIR UX. Oh impossible! It would be using the lady in the basest manner to entertain a thought of deserting her. Come, your fears will only increase by delay, let me go immediately and introduce you to the lady.

DR. R. Pray, Sir Uxorious, let me have a moment to breathe in.

MR. P. Call up your philosophy, Doctor, to your aid.

DR. R. Pray, Sir Uxorious and Mr. Profody, be within call, if I should be distressed for assistance.

SIR UX. We will attend you so closely, that you shall have no cause to fear. Come, the sooner it is over the better. (*Going and drawing Rhombus forward by the arm.*)

DR. R. Well, if I must, I must. [*Exeunt.*]

E

SCENE

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SCENE, *An Apartment darkened ;—a table and two candles upon it.*

W I D O W alone.

WID. Well, here I am, placed by the cold hand of mother prudence, to make, what is called, my fortune. Would not a dry morsel, eat in the society of one who had possession of my heart, be infinitely sweeter than all the delicacies of nature accompanied by an object of indifference?—But the die is already thrown. I have consented to receive the addresses of this antiquated lover, and must collect what spirits I can for the occasion.—Vanity, thou corrupter of women's hearts, if my future lot is to be wretched, it is to thee I shall be indebted for my unhappiness! I have already a sufficiency for every natural want; and if, by endeavouring to gratify those imaginary ones, which thou hast created, I should, by grasping at the shadow lose the substance;—lose that inward satisfaction I have formerly known;—whom but myself can I accuse?—However, vapours begone; here comes my amorous swain; I will make as much amusement of him as I can.

Enter

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Enter Sir UXORIOUS introducing Dr. RHOMBUS, who is with difficulty brought forward.

SIR UX. Permit me, Madam, to introduce Dr. Rhombus, whom you already know as the first literary character in this neighbourhood, to your more immediate attention and regard. [*Exit, and leaves the Widow and Dr. Rhombus looking at each other, the latter bowing awkwardly.*]

WID. (*after a considerable silence*) Won't you choose, Sir, to be seated?

DR. R. Tha—a—ank you, Madam, if you please.

WID. (*another pause*) It is a very fine evening, Sir.

DR. R. Ye—e—es, Madam, very fine indeed.

WID. The weather is very hot, Sir.

DR. R. Ye—e—es, Madam (*rubbing his face with his handkerchief*) it is extremely hot.

WID. (*a pause*) Schemes on the water are very agreeable at this season of the year.

DR. R. Certainly, Madam;—(*assuming a little courage*) pray, Madam, can you swim?

WID. (*laughing*) No, Sir, upon my word, I never learnt. (*aside*) What a sweet companion he will be by a fire-side in a long winter's evening!

WID. (*a long pause*) I hope you will not find my little boy very dull, Doctor.

DR. R. No, Madam, I dare say I shall not.

E 2

WID.

WID. (*aside*) If he be as bright as his master is upon this occasion, he will make a very shining figure in the world. What shall I say to make him speak? (*To him.*) You were so kind, Doctor, to give me a very sensible lecture on philosophy the last time I had the honor of seeing you; I suppose it is to continue that lecture that you have favoured me with this visit.

DR. R. Y—e—es, Madam—No, Madam, it is a very different business.

SIR UX. (*aside*) courage, Doctor, that will do.

WID. (*aside*) Now it comes. (*To him*) Sir.

DR. R. —Madam, Sir Uxorious, I mean my Lady Gobetween, has satisfied, I hope,—has told,—has intreated,—has asked,—I mean, Madam, you, I hope, have given your consent, Madam, that I might, that I may be your—(*aside to Sir Uxorious*) Upon my soul, Sir Uxorious, I cannot get it out for the life of me,—do come and assist me.

SIR UX. (*aside*) Never fear, Doctor, you'll do it vastly well.

WID. Sir, I suppose you mean that I gave my consent to Lady Gobetween, to hear your instructions upon a new branch of philosophy. If that be your meaning, Sir, I am always willing to increase my very small stock of ideas, and consequently am ever ready to receive the instructions of those who are most capable of teaching me.

DR. R. I fe—e—ar, Madam, I must trouble you to be my instructor upon this occasion.

SIR UX.

THE BUMBRUSHER. 29

SIR UX. (*from behind the scenes*) Admirably well, Doctor.

WID. Is it possible, Sir, I can teach a man of your experience any thing new?

DR. R. Yes, Madam, it is very possible, for I never had the smallest experience in the matter.

WID. Surely I am not acquainted with any thing of which you are uninformed.

DR. R. Yes, Madam, indeed you are. (*Aside*) Lord, how I tremble!

WID. Will you then, Sir, be so good to tell me what that affair is in which I can give you any intelligence?

DR. R. (*Looking terrified, and walking towards the table*) Will you give me leave, Madam, to put out one of these candles?—My eyes are weak, Madam.

WID. By all means, Sir.

DR. R. (*Aside to Sir Uxorious*) Don't fail to support me, Sir Uxorious.

SIR UX. (*Aside*) Depend upon it.

WID. You should avoid reading by candle light, Sir, as your eyes are so weak.

DR. R. Yes, Madam. I find candle light upon this occasion distresses me very much.

WID. Give me leave to remove this other candle further from you.

DR. R. Madam, I will spare you that trouble. (*He removes the candle to the other side of the table and contrives to put it out; then runs to the Widow, throws*

throws his arms round her neck, and smothers her with kisses. His wig falls off. The Widow cries out, and in come Sir Uxorious, Lady Gobetween, and Mr. Profody.

WID. Can you believe it, my dear Lady Gobetween, Dr. Rhombus has come here with felonious intent, put out both the candles, and attempted to ravish me.

DR. R. Lord, Madam, I beg your pardon; but I know so little of courting that I thought that was the best way of doing it.

SIR UX. Never mind, Doctor, you only mistook the end for the means.

DR. R. Yes; I was only desirous of coming to the Q. E. D. of a proposition at once, without going over the intermediate steps.—And now, Madam, since my tongue is set at liberty by coming in contact with your charming lips, I will venture to promise, before this good company, that if you will consent to become the wife of an old man, every indulgence, which either my fortune or person can give you, shall be yours.

WID. A longer demonstration, Doctor, might not perhaps have done your business so well.

DR. R. You will always, Madam, find me endeavouring to do things for you with as little delay as possible.

SIR. UX. (*Taking the Widow's hand and giving it to Doctor Rhombus.*) Come, the matter is all settled. To-morrow morning the ceremony shall be performed.

MR. P.

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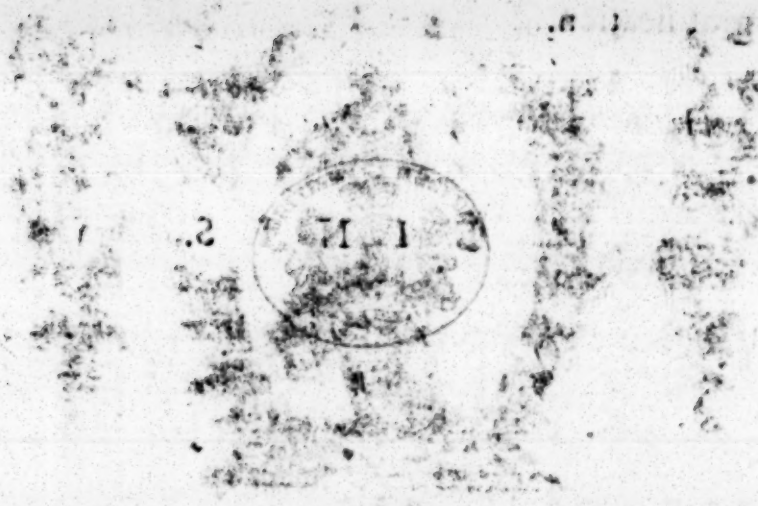
MR. P. Previous to the consummation, I will, to-morrow, felicitate this amorous pair, with a few stanzas on the utility of matrimony to the procreation of the species; and teach them how intimately that state is united with the highest Cyprian gratification.

F I N I S.

THE CONSTITUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Article I
Section 1
All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.



Article II
Section 1
The executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America.

Article III
Section 1
The judicial Power shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish.

